

# Who Is the Best Third Baseman? — Other Sporting Talk

**BILL BRADLEY of CLEVELAND, STEINFELDT and DEVLIN -- SUMMERS A STRONG ENGLISH FIGHTER**

**W**HO is the best third baseman in the two major leagues today?

This question was asked in the press stand at the grounds of the St. Louis Americans a few days ago, and before the scribes and a few interested fans finished with the subject indications pointed to a hurry call for the reserves and an ambulance or two becoming necessary. Well, who is the best of the third sackers? Is it Bill Bradley of Cleveland, or Harry Steinfeldt of the Chicago Nationals, or Tommy Leach of Pittsburgh, or Arthur Devlin of the New York Nationals, or Lave Cross of the Washington Americans?

**Cross, Leach and Devlin.**  
When in his prime Lave Cross, then with the Philadelphia Americans, was probably the best fielding third baseman, but only in fielding. But Lave

is no longer in his prime, so that "lets him out," even as to fielding. Leach fields his position beautifully and throws well, but he is handicapped by lack of stature. His reach is short, he covers less ground than some other men, and his batting should be better. That lets him out. Devlin does not get the prize because he is not a player of uniform excellence. He has "off days" that mar his record. When he is good he is very, very good, but when he is bad he thinks nothing of fumbling an easy drive and throwing the ball out of the lot. Devlin's batting, however, is a powerful factor on many occasions. Devlin is of the highest type of ball player, doesn't forget that. He bristles with nervous energy, and it is the nervous man who works hard, largely through instinct and not merely because it is necessary. Devlin is one of the hardest workers in the major leagues today.

Steinfeldt, in spite of his heavy batting and magnificent throwing—his throws shoot like bullets with machine-like precision, as a rule—does not lend in his position because he does not cover enough ground. He is big, muscular and only fairly fast. He covers several feet less ground on either side than many other third basemen. Many a well placed ball gets past Steiny along or just inside the third base line.

## Bradley Tops Them All.

The man who comes closest to meeting the full requirements of the third station today is Bill Bradley of Cleveland. Bradley covers more ground than any other present day third sacker. He stops everything a mortal could stop. He throws as strongly and as accurately as Steinfeldt. He is a reliable baseman and is a fast runner on bases. Some of the stops, recoveries and throws to first Bradley makes from deep behind third base are as brilliant as ever seen on any diamond. With Bradley on third, Terry Turner at short and Larry Lajole on second, Cleveland comes closer to having an "iron bound" infield than any other team in the American league.

## A Good English Fighter at Last!

At last an English fighter has made good over here. But so many of them have come over here of late that it is no wonder one of them managed finally to stand off and bang full of daylight a real American pug. Johnny Summers is the lad who has made good. He tied up with Tommy Murphy of New York recently at Philadelphia, and, while most of the fist critics gave Murphy the credit of a draw, the keen expert must, after a careful study of the bout,



**WILLIAM G. FRANK, STAR LONG DISTANCE RUNNER.**

William G. Frank of the Twenty-second regiment, New York, has forged to the front in long distance running and is looked on as the coming national champion. He finished third in the Marathon race at Athens at the last revival of the Olympic games.

give Summers the victory. He showed himself to be of real top notch caliber, and that means a lot in these days of Butling Nelsons and Joe Glines. While Summers would not have a bright chance against Gans or Nelson in a long fight, yet in one of short or moderate length he would undoubtedly show up in splendid fashion.

The test he went through in his six round tilt with Murphy should not be underestimated. It was no pleasure jaunt through woods of sylvan green, glinting with the sparkle of dewdrops incandescent in the radiant morn-

Nothing of the sort. It was a rough and tumble scramble to sheer clear of the pugilistic morgue. Uncle Sam had caught the scent of John Bull's blood, and he was bent on doing just what G. Washington did to Admiral Nelson at Waterloo, or was it Sedan? Summers put Tommy down four times in the first two rounds, twice in each. That's going some, for Young Murphy, "the pride of Harlem," is one of the eleven best one or every one of the slightest provocation, for, mayhap, without it. When Slagle or Tiger raps out a hit or when Sheekhard steals second, Chance turns around and smiles exultantly at some of the opposing team members and

## Scrappy Baseball.

The Chicago Nationals are the scrappiest ball team in their league today, but while they are looking for trouble they never fail to put up a scintillating

spectacle. "You dubs, you never could do that in all your lives. You're a bunch of dead ones." Then Steinfeldt takes his turn, and Steiny is no lady. But the leading fighter of them all is Jimmy Sheekhard. Sheek is the queen of the May when it comes to argumentation. He particularly loves to yell defiance at Christy Mathewson, pitcher of the New York Nationals, and, strangely enough, Sheekhard gets more hits off the great Mathewson's delivery than any other man in the National league.

## Robin Hood, a Horse With a Thirst.

Robin Hood is a good old thoroughbred racer that has won several races this year on the eastern tracks. And the peculiar interest in his performance lies in the fact that after every event in which he runs he insists on having a good sized pail of beer. This is an actual fact.

quiet until he gets his portion. The cost of his new habit is said to be a large item in his account with his boarding house keeper.

## The Umpire Question.

J. C. Moore, the well known baseball authority, has the following to say regarding the oft discussed question of the lack of popular support given the umpires:

"The umpire often gets a 'roasting' because a play looks entirely different from the stands than it does to the umpire on the field. It is always well to remember that the umpire is in a better position to see than either the players or the spectators and that he is more apt to be correct than any one sitting perhaps a couple of hundred feet away from a play. There can be nothing more disgusting in the game than to hear the crowd jeer the umpire for a

## THREE MAJOR LEAGUE BALL PLAYERS NOW ATTRACTING WIDE ATTENTION.



**JIMMY SLAGLE, HEAVY HITTING CENTER FIELDER, CHICAGO NATIONALS.**



**DAVEY JONES, CAPTAIN WORLD'S CHAMPION CHICAGO AMERICANS.**



**ROY THOMAS, BASE STEALER AND PITCHER, CENTER FIELDER PHILADELPHIA NATIONALS.**

article of ball. From big Frank Chance right on down the line to towheaded Evers, the great little second baseman, they are ready for a wordy altercation (or, mayhap, something more) with any one or every one of the slightest provocation, for, mayhap, without it. When Slagle or Tiger raps out a hit or when Sheekhard steals second, Chance turns around and smiles exultantly at some of the opposing team members and

The horse was nosing around in his stable one day, and his velvet proboscis came in contact with a pail of beer that his trainer had procured to accompany his midday meal. Into the foal went the immoderate mouth and down, or rather, up, the parched throat went the beer.

Robin Hood each day now considers his programme unfinished unless he has beer, and, in fact, he will not keep

decision given exactly as he sees it. He is not on the ball field to decide plays in a partisan way. It is one of the blots on the national game of baseball that the umpire does not have the support that ought to be his first, last and all of the time. In England the decision of the referee in everything goes, and no one would think of questioning it, and it ought to be the same way with us."

HARRY GRANT.

## ASTONISHED THE OLD MAN.

Youngster's Language was Most Thoroughly Up to Date.

There is a certain gentleman of particularly refined instincts and manner in Washington who abhors the idea that his young son will become generally acquainted with the language of the street. The other afternoon when he had just finished admonishing the boy that he should not play polo in the streets while roller skating, he got a shock. The youngster had been told that sooner or later he would find himself in the station house, when he suddenly interrupted. "Pop, did you ever see a cop running after a man?"

The proud parent replied that he had never seen a policeman at full speed after a prospective prisoner, but added that he believed there were any number of the force who were good speeders.

"Well," continued the youngster, "the bicycle cops is the boys now. I believe the cops that walks have all got the rheumatism, and with cops with bum feet, pop, I will run the risk of being pinched."

The father gasped at the "mixture of street" hurled at him, and then remarked: "I don't think there is any use of you going out into the street to skate." Straightway he issued orders, and his young son now skates in the back yard.

## HAD ONE GREAT CONSOLATION.

At Last Onlookers Did Not Know of Congressman's Misfortune.

Recently a member of congress from Missouri came racing down the iron steps which led to the train shed of one of the depots in Washington, just as the train was pulling out.

The member was stout and perspiring, and his arms were filled with bundles, for he was a commuter. Everybody got out of his way as he chased the rear car down the long platform, some shouting advice and more or less pleasant comment after him. Some sportively inclined persons offered bets in a loud voice on his chances of catching the train, while others laughed at his grim determination.

The member caught the train, being hoisted upon the platform by a trainman, without the loss of a bundle. He shook his fist at the cheering crowd behind him and went inside the car with the blissful sense of having "won out."

It was only when the conductor came around that he learned that he was on a Chicago express. Instead of a local accommodation, however, he accepted the situation gracefully, observing:

"There's one comfort. Those idiots in the station will never know. They think I caught the right train."—Harper's Weekly.

## The Queer Parson Bird.

Two splendid male specimens of the parson bird were recently acquired by the Zoological society of London, England. Its throat is adorned with small white feathers which, from their resemblance to clerical bands, have gained for it the name "parson bird." Its metallic green plumage, with bronze and purplish reflections, is very beautiful. Its long and rather slender beak is curved; it has rather large feet, and the length of its tail is considerable.

Although somewhat rarely seen in this country alive, this bird is plentiful on both the north and south islands of New Zealand. It is a good songster and mimic, and its lively temperament renders it a most interesting cage bird. Its food consists of berries, insects and honey. It has an extensible tongue, the tip of which is forked, and being covered with fibers, forms a kind of brush, most useful to the parson bird in gathering its food.

## Labouchere Writes of Career.

Henry Labouchere, the stormy petrel editor of London Truth, has written a review of his 31 years of existence. The publication carries the motto, "Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici" and the editor devotes space to its legal experience in exposing fraud. Of all the actions brought against the paper in that time only four have resulted in damages. Of these one turned upon the prelate position of a village pump, "as to which," Mr. Labouchere dryly observes, "I was misled to trusting to the evidence of two benighted clergymen—a lesson which I have always remembered to my profit." Because of putting it on the wrong side of the street he had to pay \$500 in damages and much more in costs.

## She Was Good Enough.

Fannie is a little lady of three or thereabouts, and wise beyond her age. She has a brother a year or so older than herself, in whom she has always shown much solicitude. Fannie's mother tried to teach her a little prayer, which concluded with: "God bless me and make me a good girl;" but Fannie had her own ideas upon the question, and despite coaxing, the little girl would conclude her childish prayer in this way: "God bless me and make brother a good boy; I is a good girl."

**Too Much for the Strong Man.**  
"The strong man refuses to go on for his act."

"What's the matter?"  
"Somebody poured water into his hollow weights. It froze and made the weights so heavy he can't lift 'em."

# Difficult Art of Stage Makeup Described by an Expert

[From our New York Dramatic Correspondent.]

**O**NE of the much talked of features of the eastern vaudeville stage during the last year has been Julian Eltinge, an impersonator of female types. His makeup seems as nearly perfect as possible to attain. He is as successful as a Parisian dancer in a gorgeous costume as he is in the character of a demure young society "bud" dressed in snowy white.

The following facts as to Mr. Eltinge's method of making up for his characters have been furnished by O. H. Harris, his manager:

"The art of makeup is as old as the hills, yet to those who have to master it in their careers it never loses interest."

The actors and actresses who today are stars, veterans in experience, watch every shade of grease paint as they rub it on their faces, watch every line made by the ever handy pencil, just as carefully as ever they did, and they are constantly on the alert for some new "trick of the trade," and of these same "tricks" there are many. Almost every actress prides herself on knowing at least a wee bit more about some particular branch of makeup than any one else. And these secrets, how to get certain effects with eye preparations or how to "make up" the face to go well with certain colors of light that are to be used in particular scenes, etc., are, as a rule, jealously guarded by their discoverers or holders.

## Makeup Is a Science.

It has been well said that the art of makeup is a science. It has really been reduced to a science by some players. They reproduce the characters they represent with phenomenal fidelity to life. This is only possible by deep study and research in many cases. It also has been well said that many a big star has been made famous largely through a superior understanding of makeup intricacies. Through the excellence of their makeup they have actually covered up shortcomings in their dramatic execution—that is, they have made these shortcomings less evident.

## Similar to Portraiture.

One might suppose that constant repetition of making up would make this preparation automatic and a bore, but the careful actor takes as much pride in reproducing the physical characteristics of his part as a painter does each new portrait. On no class of stage people does the responsibility of makeup lie so heavily as upon the impersonators, and when one learns that the subject of the accompanying pictures, Julian Eltinge, spends over four hours each day just preparing for his performance and washing up, the "easy money" of the stage or vaudeville fades into the perspective.

Suppose the act under discussion (that of Julian Eltinge) to occupy



**ELTINGE "MAKING UP"**

third or fourth place on the bill. This means that when the clock strikes 9, in place of the manly young fellow who entered the theater two hours before, followed by a solemn and ugly bulldog, a much befuddled and befuddled "young lady" must be standing in the wings awaiting the curtain. Arriving at the dressing room, the outer garments are discarded for a loosely fitting bathrobe and a well worn pair of slippers several sizes too large. The bathrobe is thrown back and the shoulders bared, displaying supple muscles as smooth as those of a well conditioned wrestler. A sponge dipped into a chalklike mixture is applied to neck, shoulders and arms, giving the actor the appearance of a

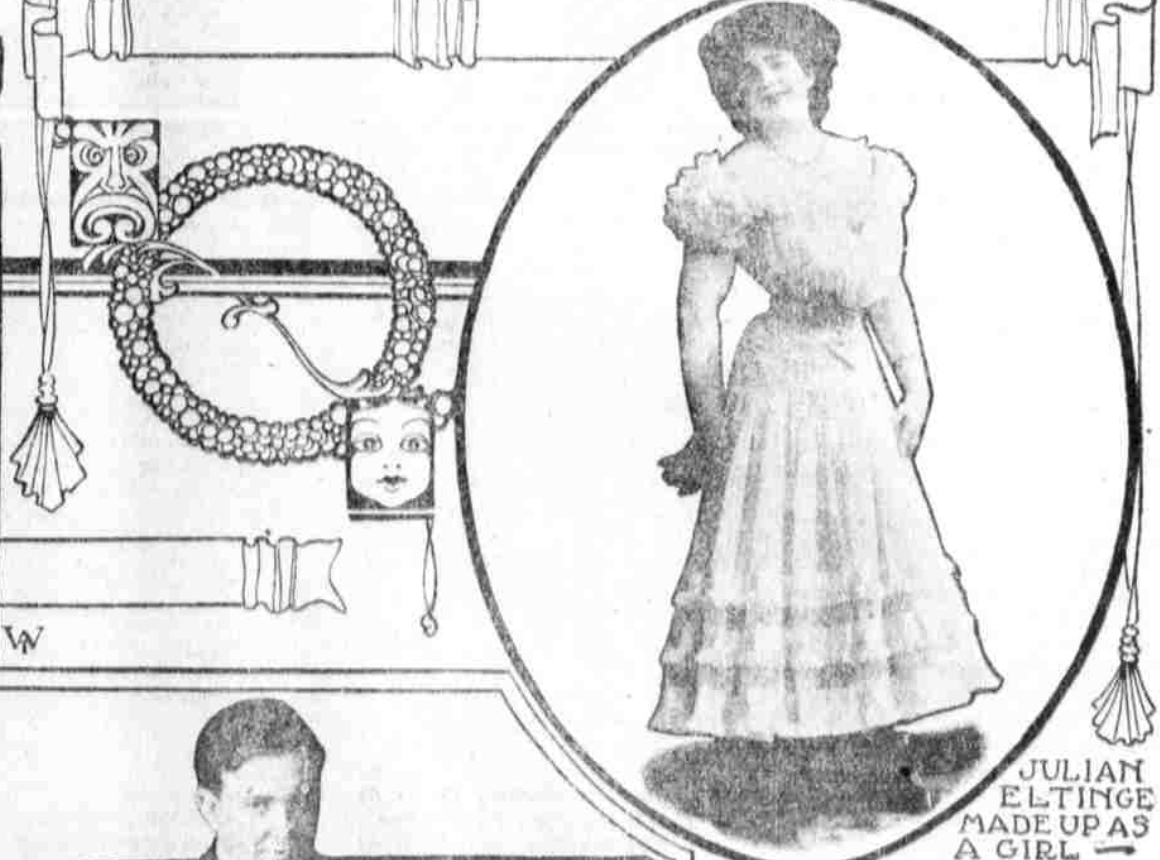
roughly whitewashed statue. This is left to dry and then brushed over with powder.

The face receives a foundation coat of cold cream. This is partially wiped off and a sprinkling of white powder follows.

A layer of rouge comes next, and these are worked in by hand or chamois pad until just the right tint is obtained.

Around the eyes a bluish black grease paint leaves ghastly pools until the tone of the cheeks is blended in skillfully.

The next operation is a delicate one, requiring a steady hand and considerable time. From a tiny improvised skullist heated over the flame of a gas



**ELTINGE IN STREET CLOTHES**

jet or candle the actor transfers to his eyelashes a black, sticky mixture. He accomplishes this by means of a sharpened splinter of wood. Next his own hair is brushed back smartly from the forehead and held in place by an elastic band, ready for the wig to be put on.

## A Transformation.

The form of the impersonator seems upon his emerging from his dressing room to have undergone a marvelous change. The individual who greets you now has from the neck down the appearance of a well developed young society lady, but a boyish face in the smudge of highly colored grease paint smiles and says "Hi, but these implements of torture certainly make a fellow feel like a trussed chicken."

It is safe to state that not one person in a thousand in any audience would believe, unless he had read the programme or otherwise heard of Eltinge, that the "dazzling sensation" was in reality a full grown, husky young athlete with a penchant for boxing gloves and bulldogs.

*Frederick Tringella*